

"NEITHER FIT TO LIVE," COURT TELLS HANLEYS

Bayonne Pair, Held for Grand Jury, Admit Deliberate Desertion of Two Children.

"You people ought to be strung up by the thumbs and whipped until you die," said Recorder Cain in Bayonne, N. J., yesterday, in holding Frederick Hanley and his sister, Mabel, for having abandoned their two children in the streets.

"It is impossible to properly punish you, for all the courts can do is to send you to jail," the Recorder went

on. "I only wish I had the power to sentence you. You would not get any mercy from me. You ought to be sent away for life. Neither of you is fit to live. You are worse than the wild animals that roam the forests."

When the Recorder asked the pair if they had beaten the boys, they admitted they had.

Three charges against the Hanleys will be presented to the Grand Jury—

atrocious assault, abandonment and another more serious.

Life Term for Mrs. Monahan.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 14.—

Guilty of murder in the second degree

was the verdict of a jury in the Superior Court last evening against Mrs.

Anna P. Monahan for poisoning her

third husband, John P. Monahan.

Judge Webb immediately sentenced her to life imprisonment. Mrs. Monahan

smiled as sentence was pronounced.



Coney Lobster Newburg Proves Sour Cabbage and Sadie Loses Her Savings

So Sam, Managing Partner, Has to Put Up
His "Sparkler" and Contribute \$10 a
Week to Sadie's Bank Account.

After Sadie had saved up her earnings as a cook in a restaurant for a number of years, she decided to put the money into action and reap a reward of dividends on a par with those of the Standard Oil.

Unfortunately she was not able to get in touch with John D. or his colleagues, but took the advice of Sam and invested in a projected boarding house at Coney Island, which was to yield a perfect torrent of phoebas when the warm weather came.

And unfortunately for Sam, he decided not to use the money for the

delectation of pleasure-seeking Manhattanites, but rather to start a little vegetable business for their mutual benefit.

This phase of the investment was unknown to Sadie.

As Sam explained when he came to court on Sadie's complaint, the trade in parsnips, cabbage and such like did not prove to be all that it might have been, and Sadie's capital dwindled.

On the first of the month, when Sadie got ready to clip the coupons, and was preparing to serve lobster a la Newburg and what-not at Coney, she found that her interest in the concern had the value of a "war baby" or an investment in the Krupp works.

Accordingly, the parsnip business, figuratively, of course, began to fly.

Sam was pensive. Sam was

grieved. He thought he could make a fortune in one way as well as in another, and now that he ran against the proposition of an empty bank book, with Sadie in hot pursuit, his point of view coincided with that of the Assistant District Attorney.

First, he put up a sparkler which made even Sadie's eyes shine, worth \$100. Then he promised faithfully to contribute \$10 a week of his earnings

to Sadie's bank account until the total of \$250 was attained. And though the picture of a little boarding house, with a parson in the parlor and screens on the porch to keep out the mosquitoes had vanished, Sadie also appeared satisfied and, figuratively, of course, she shook hands and made up with Sam for his disastrous speculation in parsnips and cabbage.

If John Karpowicz had only gone "on the wagon" a year ago, he would not have appeared yesterday afternoon at Essex Market Court.

He was charged with a "painful bruise" under

his right eye. It was a small matter of a few drunks, taken some time in the past, that started a fight in the saloon of Henry Walster many months later.

"About a year ago," declared Henry, "John had some family trouble and came to my saloon. I gave him some drinks and sandwiches, and trusted him for them, because he said he didn't have any cash at the time."

"What has that to do with this case?"

"Just this. I asked John for the money, and right away he moved out of the neighborhood, to keep from paying me the \$125. He never showed up till yesterday. Then I asked him again and he gave me a punch. I tried to protect myself, so I put him out."

John's story was a different matter.

"He swiped of me \$10. You know," he declared, the wounded man.

"How did you happen to get hit?"

"I went into the saloon to have a hooker or two, and all of a sudden I was hit."

"Did he hit you with his fist?"

Here came the revelation of a new weapon, the like of which had never

been heard before in Essex Market Court.

"No, with a block of wood."

"So he threw a block of wood at you?"

"No, he did it up in a towel and swung it around like this."

Here John registered a circular motion to illustrate the catapulting of the wood.

And then, bang! I fell down," came the climax.

"Do you know he took your \$125?"

"Did you feel his hands in your pocket when you were struck?"

"How could it? It came bang!—like that. I couldn't feel anything at all."

Although it was evident that the robbery, if one took place, was perpetrated after John had taken the court, the defendant was held until Saturday.

A busted flower, a desperate clothes cleaner living flat on his face on a bundle of "dark and classy" checks, an appreciative audience of from 50 to 200, and he cop in

sight—such were the stage properties which made an interesting tableau at the corner of Assenue H and 10th Street Wednesday night.

With the aid of Hook Keeper Hal Snyder he hiked up a bundle of fur which he said was the animal weather prognosticator.

"He seems to be in a complete state of liberation," said Mr. Dimars, "and no matter what we do we can't raise him." Then, by way of proof, Mr. Dimars rolled Artie along the wall for two hundred yards. Not a peep came from the bushy mass and Snyder dropped him back into his lair.

"We've watched him this year," said Mr. Dimars. "On Canada Island he came out. He cast a shadow about two and a half feet in length. He didn't rush right back, as the popular superstition has it. He lolled around for about an hour and then rolled lightly into his lair. We watched all that day and in the succeeding days and he didn't come out. Then we investigated and found him in this somewhat petrified state."

The ground hog, normally, Dimars said, is about fourteen inches long and weighs about eight pounds. He is half some-

thing of a marmot and half of a chipmunk.

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AND SADIE'S STILL A COOK.

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Cadum Ointment has proved a blessing to thousands who have suffered for years from irritating and stubborn skin troubles.

The timely use of this wonderful remedy brings peaceful sleep and rest to people suffering from skin troubles. It stops the itching at once and is very soothing and healing wherever the skin is irritated or inflamed. Much suffering may be avoided by the use of Cadum Ointment which is good for eczema, blotches, tetter, scaly skin, eruptions, chafings, rash, ringworm, cuts, burns, insect bites, etc.

(Cadum Ointment is a French preparation made in America from the original formula.)

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WOOLENS
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I Buy this enormous stock of Woolens direct from the Rosedale Mills at a price that enables me to offer my customers these wonderful values—

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SUITINGS—Consisting of Black and Blue Serges, Fancy Dark Mixtures, Tweeds, Cassimeres and Cheviot; also some light colors. Suitable for Spring wear. These cloths, well-tailored and carefully fitted, I will make up your order, irrespective of your size. **SUIT—Including Extra Pants FREE.** HUNDREDS OF STYLES TO SELECT FROM

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70 NASSAU ST., Cor. John
Open Until 7 P. M.

Next Door to the
Empire Theatre
3 Church St., N. Liberty
Open Until 7 P. M.

SAILOR HERE HAS LEPROSY.

Sufferer Came From Baltimore as One of Crew of Freighter.

A sailor taken to the Marine Hospital in the Barge Office yesterday was found to have leprosy. He was Philip Varnes, twenty-five, a Filipino, who had been on the freight steamship from Nov. 11 to Feb. 1.

The Annet, a freighter, left here Feb. 9 for Manila. She came here from Baltimore, and was at Pier 3, New York, Brooklyn. The Filipino was taken to the Federal Quarantine Hospital.

"A crowd of over 200 gathered and watched me. They began to pinch the nice clothes I was going to clean. I was afraid they were going to have an auction right there. Then they where would be my customers' suits?"